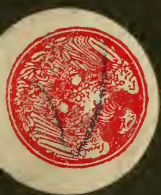


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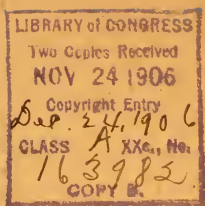
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PREFACE	v
POEMS OF HATHOR	
A Memory	5
Quatrain	6
Hathor	7
Love	9
Hathor	10
A Fragment	12
Love	13
Amor Resurrexit	14
A Song from Nilus Banks	15
Quatrain	17
Sunset	18
At Parting	19
Absence	21
To Him	22
Ghosts	23
As the Dead Love	24
Gods Who Fashioned Me	25
Morning in Alaska	27
The Song of the Purple Sea	28
To a Skull	30
Thoughts of a Skull	31
The Realm of Memory	34
Song	35

SIMON MAGUS	39
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OTHER POEMS

To Edwin Markham	47
To C. L. G.	48
To S. L. H.	49
To Miss Pauline Fore	50
Alma Mater	51
To the Graduates of the Class of 1900	52
"Great is Diana of the Ephesians"	54
The Priest of Saturn	55
The Mystic	57
The Birth of Christ	61
Recompense	62
Murzapur	65
Mazatlan	67
The Farewell of the Old Year	68



O make this book of Hathor a human life was lavished. For these pages contain the chief accomplishment and expression of the few mortal years lent a rarely poetic spirit. To those whose burden is now one of memory of a perfect friendship, these poems

are become the overtone of a strangely beautiful soul that was always seeking for a half-remembered and perhaps, in this world at least, unattainable glory. Ancient Egypt, with her eternal magic of years and unspeakable glory of the Hathor, was the inspiration and land of heart's desire, as the name of her great love-goddess was often the title, to these poems. Therefore the book is called Hathor. The story of a life is told in the poems of Hathor. Added to these are certain other poems which were less intimately related to the beauty of the Hathor. No man need be told who Hathor is.

Acknowledgment is made to the Overland Monthly, the Oakland Enquirer and the University of California Magazine for their kind permission to reprint several of the poems.

B. K.

February, 1906.

POEMS OF HATHOR

The temple of the ancient faith I sought
That splended all the morning of my soul.
I saw an owl light on a fallen god;
I heard the wolf howl from the distant wood.

A MEMORY



HOUGH Lethe holds its dead
forevermore
And iron bands are weaker than
the grave,
Yet from the cold and silent
brooding wave
That laps the tearful and the
moanless shore,

I hear the echo of an ancient song
And catch a fleeting vision of her eyes.
Perchance it was a star within the skies,
Perchance that melody of Love and Wrong
Was but the night-wind crying from the sea.
Yet in my heart reverberating still
It wakes the sleeping hounds of Memory:
Through forest wild and over dune and hill
The huntsman seeks for what can never be.

QUATRAIN

A burst of song melodious and wild;
A rush of angels through the waiting air;
A flash of light breaking the growing dark;
And then a death like calm, and then Thy face.

HATHOR



FROM what far gulf of Time hath
she arisen
To haunt me with her spirit
beauty now?
How hath she crossed the fath-
omless abysm,
The olden glory on her face and
brow?

Does she yet know how I did once adore her
In that far land where the old river flows?
Remembers she how there I knelt before her
And crowned her with the lotus and the rose?

The rose the symbol of her deathless beauty,
The lotus of her fateful spells the sign,
Of charms that lured us from the paths of duty,
Of love that poured forth blood as free as wine?

Remembers she the temple by the river,
The line of white-robed priests that by her passed,
The deathless adoration we did give her,
The longing looks of love toward her cast?

And sees she one upon the pylon kneeling,
Watching the white moon sweep across the sky?
Hears she the wild and agonized appealing,
The prayers to look upon her face and die?

Hears she the murmur of the ancient river,
A flowing, crooning thro' the Nilus reeds,
And wonders she if he can yet forgive her
Who slew his people and his ancient creeds?

Regrets she e'er the olden love still flies us,
And new Gods rule us in the old Gods' stead?
Hates she the grim Time Spirit who defies us,
And sweeps away the memory of the dead?

LOVE



MEASURED Love and Hate as
equal powers

But now I know that Love is all
supreme.

It is the one fulfilment of the
dream

In silence dreamed throughout
the aeon hours

Before with light He touched the formless void,
And willed the stars and worlds and whirl-wind
rush

Of suns and planets, and the thundering
Of ocean waves, and the soul stilling hush
And quiet on the mountain tops and plain;
And music-laden Day by Night destroyed,
As Joy by Sorrow, and the pulsing ring
Of morning song that welcomes Day again.

HATHOR¹



O THE Lady Hathor greeting,
Greeting, Lady, Time is fleeting.
Time is fleeting from the endless
To the endless, swiftly fleeting.

Time is fleeting, Love immortal.
Love weaves garlands on the
portal,

On the portal of Life's dwelling,
On the cypress shaded portal.

And the garlands, cypress stranded—
Have the kindly Fates commanded
That the cypress in the garlands
Lend them beauty, cypress stranded?

* * * * *

Argive Helen is departed,
And the heroes, faintly hearted,
Stumble, falter thro' the darkness,
Stumble, falter, faintly hearted.

¹Written in collaboration with D. Alexander Gordonker.

And tho' doubting, fearing, yearning,
Peace deserted, passion burning,
From the portal to the portal
Haste they on, the Passion-burning.

And they seek the sacred altar,
Seek and stumble, fall and falter,
Call on Hathor, Aphrodite.
Cold the ashes on her altar!

Dead is Hathor, Aphrodite.
And the heroes, battle mighty,
Seek her ever in the Silence,
Seek the Hathor, Aphrodite!

'Neath the waning moon, cloud trailing,
Hark! The night wind's plaintive wailing!
Bears it echoes from the distance?
Mourn the ghosts the Hathor, wailing?

Ah, do Love and Time contending
Mock us in the Never Ending?
In the dimness of the Silence
Mock us in the Never Ending?

A FRAGMENT



HERE came a Vision of Eternity.
A wind blew from the north, and
all was chill
With fear of silence and the still
of things:
And Time moved slow as over
Arctic snows,
Then ceased the travail of his
endless age
And lay entombed in rich sarcophagus
Of Genii-chiseled ice and snowy pall.
And there, alone beside the silent tomb
Of aeon-burdened Time, beyond all space,
My spirit waited.

Then a mystic light
From out the empty voids of nothingness
Cast a cold splendor like the dead moon world.

.....There I saw thee stand,
Thou goddess dream, triumphant o'er thy dead,
The old smile dreaming on thy silent lips,
Thy voiceless silence sweeter than all sound
Of speech or rhythm of revolving worlds,
Thy calm eyes fixed beyond the guess of God
On thine own secret.

LOVE



HEY called him God, but well I
knew him Demon,
Alone and in the silent hours of
night
Waged I, a mortal, war against
his might
To free my soul that she be not
his leman.

And at the dawn, black winged against the sky,
I saw him fade, if fiend yet hierarch,
A cloud, a mist, slow in the western dark.
And then I sank to wake and know thee nigh.

AMOR RESURREXIT



THOUGHT Him dead, but o'er
the Sea of Sleep
There came the rushing of a
mighty wind,
And in my heart the tomb be-
trayed its trust.
Is there no rest or safety I can
find? .

He buried lay—the grave was dark and deep.
I raised a temple o'er His mouldering dust
And chanted requiems to His ancient runes;
But Asur opened wide the Gates of Hell,
And as I hummed the half forgotten tunes
His glory burst upon me and I fell.

A SONG FROM NILUS BANKS



W HISPERS the Horus to the
Hathor sighing,
The tale that brings the blushes
to the dawn,
That mystery of love that time
defying
Crimsons the heavens at each
successive morn.

He rises—let the heart be bowed before Him!
He rises, Horus of the Eastern sky.
Now let the Gods and sons of men adore him,
Low bow ye as his sacred bark goes by!

Here from the temples by His ancient river
Rises the swelling sound of morning song,
The adoration of the great Light Giver,
The Lord of Life, the Conqueror of Wrong.

But in Amenti where as the Osiris
He reigns, ah, there are hymns we cannot hear!
In dreams alone the passion song of Isis
Breaks with the sistrum music on the ear.

And there it is the ghosts of the departed
Worship the Hathor to the runes of old.
There they have found, the heroes mighty hearted,
The ancient secret that the aeons hold.

Ah, could I learn that old mysterious story
And teach it to her in a modern song,
Would she not then unveil to me her glory
And love's great rhythm lose the notes of wrong?

QUATRAIN

My heaven thou hast been and thou my hell,
An angel once and then a fiend—ah well!
But now the highest honor in the end
I pray thee take, the sacred name of friend.

SUNSET



HE mystic yellow tinting in the
sky,

That pond of fiery, glowing, neb-
ulous,

Love-weary sunlight dying in the
west;

Ah, Love, if thou must perish it
were best,

Forgetting all my sorrow's over plus,

I say a last grief-sanctified "Goodbye."

Then sink with glories that thy reign yet mark,

Sink beauty-faint into the swelling dark,

Thy Lethe and thy rest.

AT PARTING



CYPRESS-SHADED memory of
the past,
Yew-shrouded and suffused with
mist of tears,
Is life to me, and all the coming
years
Turn backward, groping for the
overcast

Dead Faith in thee; and tho' the Reason spurn,
Yet still will Love triumphant claim his due,
And all the worlds seem but a throne for you.
The earth is but an altar-stone where burn
The fires I lit to lost and perished creeds
Of thee; thro' night's dim waste of Joy in Pain
You come to me a crowned Queen again,
And then the Sun, malignant, eastward speeds
And daylight with its mocking memory
The arid stretch of Time makes desolate.
Too brief is life that I should consecrate
New Goddesses and Faiths in place of thee;
And even Eternity that Time survives
Is all too weak that it should conquer this,
The memory of that despairing kiss
Pressed on thy lips at parting of our lives.

So must I live, sadder than throneless king,
A priest of perished creeds and fallen shrines,
Muttering prayers disjointed,—broken lines
Of the full song that I must never sing.

ABSENCE .



HERE is no light since thou art
gone,

But all is chill and drear;
There is no breaking of the
morn,
No sunshine on the mere.

The silent elms a vigil keep.

The waters mourn above

The place where some fond memories sleep
Of unforgotten love.

TO HIM



THOU hast won to thee the glory
of the ages,
Odysseus come again!
Thou hast blotted out the fairest
of Life's pages
And left me nought but pain:
I shall see thee lead her to the
altar;
My courage shall not fail,
Bearing proud and step that will not falter,
And face that will not pale.
For I look beyond the ending of this battle;
Mine is the coming war;
Thy knowledge is the Grecian's childish prattle,
But mine a deeper lore.
War between us twain can ne'er be equal,
The dead Gods fight for me.
Thine is the present drama, mine the sequel,
My time, Eternity.

GHOSTS



NOT clad in white, nor bound with
clanking chain

At midnight in some haunted
room they glide;

For it were easy then to mount
and ride

Far from the curséd spot, and
leave them reign

With bat and owl, to point at ghastly stain

Of murder done, or stalk in gloomy pride

Thro' castles by some lonely river side—

'Twere easy then to leave them to their pain.

But by the light of day and dark of night

They haunt the prison chambers of the mind,

The clanking chains of good immured from sight,

A Pride of Old Days fallen to the ground.

God! Is there no oblivion I can find—

No place of rest the weary world around?

AS THE DEAD LOVE



CANNOT drive thee from my
memory,
I close my eyes and all the gulfs
of Time
Are populous with ghosts that
speak of thee;
And mighty spirits of the ancient
dead,

Whom once I knew and fought beside and loved,
Bid me remember that I live again
In expiation of the deathless wrong
I wrought them for the beauty of thy face.
I see thee clad in purple, but the red
That mingles with the purple's midnight blue
Is blood of those I loved in other days.
I love thee as the dead alone can love.
They hate thee as the dead alone can hate.

GODS WHO FASHIONED ME



UT of the depths I cry,
Gods who fashioned me,
Out of the earth and sky
And rush and roar of the sea;
Fashioned me fierce and strong
In the bitter mold of hate,
And hurled me through years of
deathless wrong,
To my endless war with fate.

Gods who fashioned me
Where the waters flow and croon,
What bitter jest filled the hearts of ye
As ye laughed 'neath the scornful moon?
Ye whispered each to each,
'Neath the moonlight bright and cold
When ye molded the clay and taught it speech,
And a secret grim and old.

Say, was there never nigh
A higher God than ye?
Why did you work 'neath the midnight sky
On the night ye fashioned me?
Why when a Shape did pass
Between ye and the glittering moon
Did ye hide in the jungle's tangled grass,
Where the waters flow and croon?

And ye sent me forth to war,
Filled with the lust of hate
Of the lesser Gods who dread the Law
And who wage the war with Fate.

MORNING IN ALASKA



HERE is a day of Silence—watch
the dawn

Break at midnight upon the
snow-clad hill,

And all is light as day, and all as
still

As some forgotten world that has
outworn

Its life, and waits in silence for the morn

Of Resurrection to arise and fill

Its silent vales with life again, until

New lives arise to mock the days agone.

Such is Alaska's midnight. Over all

The strange sun broods in mystic majesty.

Its cold light gleams upon the sullen sea.

Its cold beams with no touch of color fall

Upon the snow that like the funeral pall

Of a dead Innocence lies silently.

THE SONG OF THE PURPLE SEA

(To the imaginative mind the color purple presents itself as a whelming sea, wherein are mingled red, the blood and passion of men, and blue, their higher hopes and aspirations. This poem is dedicated to Benjamin Kurtz, Esq., of the University of California, who once read me a poem of his, never published and now, I believe, unfortunately lost, called "The Song of the Purple Sea," the name of which suggested to me the following "color poem.")



AM a child of the Purple Sea,
The blood of Man runs through
my veins,
Sensuous, pulsingly.

From afar,
From the wavering sea of blue,
From a distant star,
Comes the light that changes its hue
To the purple of royalty.

The blood of many kings
Fierce from the carnage of the battle red,
Lust of gore and lust of death,
Strong to the song of the dying breath,

Leaps to the skies o'erspread,
Leaps to the blue above,
And there where the sound of battle rings,
The blue and the red unite
In the mystery of love.

This is the mystery
Of the saga that you wrote;
This is the song of the Purple Sea,
Strong from the dying throat,
Red with the blood of men,
Soft from a lover's lips
Breathing a whispered prayer
In a temple where the incense clouds arise,
The blue of the incense dark with the temple
gloom.
Under the midnight skies
The heart of the soldier priest is breaking there
For the love that he laid in the tomb.

This is the saga of the Purple Sea,
This is the why of its moaning through the night.
Through the cypress boughs o'erhanging, there
Falleth the pale moonlight
On a shaft of marble fair.

TO A SKULL



THOU grinning emblem of our
Destiny!

And we have fought and worked
and schemed and sinned,
Piled on our treasures all the
wealth of Ind,
Cynic for what? That we may
even like thee

Symbols become of man's impotency?
Forsooth be neatly packed in glass, and grinned
And stared at, by a crowd whose dust the wind
Will spread o'er plains where cities used to be.

And yet grin on! To us there yet remain
The Days that Are. Perchance that fixed smile
Is but the memory of some ancient pain,
Drowned in the rich red wines of sunny Spain,
Midst laugh and jest, by comrades who the while
Sought each to kill some secret grief—in vain.

THOUGHTS OF A SKULL FOUND NEAR THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS



HAVE witnessed the fall of a
people; I have witnessed the
fall of creeds.

New faiths in rich profusion rise
like the tangled river reeds.

I shall see the fall of the Present,
as I saw the fall of the Past,

And the Gods ye boast are
eternal — those Gods I shall
outlast.

A wiser race than ye I loved, and I saw that
people die.

A war cloud came the Persian and a fading mist
passed by.

And the Greek came after the Persian and the
Greek is but a name,

And the Roman trod his destined path from vic-
tory to shame.

In the whirling rush of the Ages one faith alone
remains,
The faith of the God of Mammon, the faith of the
God of Gains.
The faith of the Galilean is but a mask to ye;
Ye can blind the eyes of a people, but the heart of
man I see.

I waited in the Silence for the coming Gods to
save,
And they come and pass to the Distant; for a
time the prophets rave,
And the wise men smile upon them and borrow
enough from their creeds
To blind the eyes of a people and to meet their
purses' needs.

So I wait no more for the Gods to come, for the
Gods have come and gone;
And I wait no more for the rising sun nor the
breaking of a morn.
But I watch through the Night of the Ages old
Evils die and decay,
That Evils new may rule instead as the Good and
God of a Day.

And this is the endless Cycle, and this is the story
of Man,
Now it is and ever shall be as it was since Time
began;
One God alone is eternal; one God alone remains,
And He is the God of Mammon, and he is the God
of Gains.

THE REALM OF MEMORY



OW strange this realm of
Memory! I wander
Down the gray vistas of the
vanished years,
Alone and poor. No longer mine
to squander
Rich thoughts with careless ease.
A toll of tears
The bankrupt spirit now must needs deny.
A vain regret, an aching heart, a sigh,
Poor tribute, with a grudging hand it grants
Pale Memory's wan and shivering mendicants.

SONG



ULLABY, the crickets cry,
'Neath the eaves the south winds
sigh.

God, a groan? Nay, 'twas the
trees

Softly swaying in the breeze.
Lullaby, dear, lullaby,
Love is dead, yet do not cry.

Lullaby, ah God, a moan?
Nay, my heart, you break alone.
Strange it is when love is gone
Soulless lives the body on.

Lullaby, dear, lullaby,
Love is dead, yet do not cry.



SIMON MAGUS

SIMON MAGUS



ABOUT your head I weave a
spell—

Now, maiden, watch, beware!
For I have learned the arts of
Hell,

Have wandered where the lost
ones dwell
And breathed another air.

Your face is fair, your heart is true.
What have I, maid, to do with you?
My form is comely maidens say;
Know they the worms crawled thro' this clay
Whilst I and Jambres wandered far,
From star of ice to fiery star?

Was it a month or but a day
Or centuries this body lay
Cold in the spell-wrought tomb,
Which men who know our mystic art
Reared in that Indian forest's heart
By muttered words of gloom?

Your time and mine are not the same,
Your years are but my day.
But in your years 'twas long I dwelt
Where man to God has never knelt,
Where woman's voice was never heard.
There in the Lands of Ice and Flame
My spirit made its way,
And never heard a singing bird,
Nor pine trees rocking in the gales.
The only sound that reached those vales
Was when some avalanche of snow
Broke from its place with thundering roar
And smote upon the shuddering shore
Where Ahrimanes dwelt.
And then the muffled shriek of woe
Ascending from the settling snow
Showed well that he was tortured sore
And that the blow was felt.

But to those Lands of Ice and Fire
There followed me a fierce desire
To see your face again,
To gaze upon you hour by hour,
To watch you sink beneath the power
Of muttered spell and charm,
To feed myself upon your youth,
To feel the speech of men,
Dance like the Ghosts of Vanished Truth
Upon my lips, while e'er my tongue
Whispered the words that Eblis sung
Ten aeons past when Earth was young
And free from dread of harm.

And, maiden, so beware!
It is not well that mortal maid
Should play this game with him who played
The Princes of the Air.

But is it not too late, O maiden?
And is not now your spirit laden
With chains that bind you to my throne?
The charm is said, the spells are spoken—
Move and struggle, weep and moan,
You will find the chains unbroken.

I have wandered far.
Where the fire dwells, burning thirst
Rent my spirit; tortured, anguished,
There a thousand years I languished
In the blood red star,
In the realm accurst.

And a sweet girl's face enchanted
Followed me through regions haunted.
Longing then to win her seized me,
Drain her truth and virtue up,
Fiercely hold her while it pleased me,
Gather all her beauty to me,
Drain her wine, the life-blood red.
Then when all her life were sped
Tho' her prayers for mercy sue me,
Cast her by—a broken cup.

This the vision then that haunted
Me among the realms enchanted
Till I spoke the Word of Dread,
And the tortured flames subsided,
And my weary spirit glided
From the regions of the Dead.

Then unto the forest olden,
Where my earthly corpse was holden,
Hastened I to set it free.
But the demon thirst still haunted
And I passed o'er land and sea,
Seeking for the pure faced maiden
Who should give up hopes of Aidenn,
Give up all she was or could be,
Give up all she could or should be,
Give it all for love of me,
Quench with blood the fires enchanted.

And I found you in this city,
And I know not ruth nor pity,
Maiden, maiden, so beware!
I must quench my spirit's yearning,
Then thy prayers and beauty spurning
Seek again the Realms of Air.

So once more I give thee warning,
Knowing well 'twill meet thy scorning.
Ah, maiden, so beware!
It is not well that mortal maid
Should play this game with him who played
The Princes of the Air.



OTHER POEMS

TO EDWIN MARKHAM



INGER of songs and dreamer of
fine dreams,

I would thy poet prophecies were
true!

Ah, if for some brief moment I
might, too,

Drop Reason with her sense of
"Is" and "Seems,"

And with Song's magic vision catch the gleams
Of light breaking the clouds that dark our view,
Might see the lilies where I see the yew,
Might hear the lark where now the vulture
screams!

But God! How many poets lived and died
"Since first Apollo touched his tuneful lyre?"
And the grey world, unheeding, rolls along
Through its phantasmas all of sin and wrong,
The world-heart clinging still to its own pride,
The poet-heart still warmed by its own fire.

TO C. L. G.



GALLANT gentleman, heroic
friend,
Of courage calm, unflinching and
serene;
As in a mirror, in his soul are
seen
The virtues of the old chivalric
days,

When life meant honour and its mead was praise
And high unselfish service was its end.

TO S. L. H.



H listen, Love, as in the olden
days

I whisper words of praise,
The words of love that you were
wont to hear.

It cannot be that all of this is
dead,

That love is fled—

Not at midnight the sun may disappear,
And unto love all time is but midnight.
Only the spirit's death could quench his light.
There is no night;

And if there were, the silver of the moon,
With pale light softening the broken lines,
Would make it whole,

This shattered temple-palace of the soul;
And heaven is nearer 'neath the waving pines
When garish day has flown,
And in the scented temple-aisles of night
Love holds his solemn service—wild delight
Subdued to plaintive moan.

WRITTEN ON READING A POEM
BY MISS PAULINE FORE



HAT god has led thee to his
forest home
And shown thee glories hidden
from our ken,
Unveiled the beauty of the world,
as when
The gods met gods beneath the
starry dome,

And oread and nymph were wont to roam
Where Alpheus flowed, and all was holy then,
Divine the woods and half divine were men,
Sacred the hills, the seas, the rushing foam.

Or of the gods is one alone thy choice?
Perchance thou art beloved of Pan—from him
This vision of the forests old and dim,
And in thy song its laughter and delight,
A music like the echo of his voice,
A peace as quiet as the solemn night.

ALMA MATER



FORGETFULNESS must conquer
in the end,
For Time is versed in subtle
alchemy;
And all the passion of our love
will blend
With fading years to fading
memory.

But from the vistas that in the distance wane
Still glide the silent ghosts of olden dreams.
Ah, Memory is ever kin to Pain,
And in her smile the tear drop ever gleams.

Upon the fairest flower still shines the dew,
It is a tear, but we would have it there,
And tho' we think with aching hearts of you,
Perchance the sorrow makes the dream more fair.

Ah, Alma Mater, mother, fostering one,
Beloved now, thou'rt but a name too soon.
The fires that lit the sky when day began
Fade in the purples of the afternoon.

ODE TO THE GRADUATES OF THE CLASS OF 1900 OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



BREATH of wind will touch the
pendulum,
And time is older by a year or
twain.
These years, with vivid coloring
of pain
To some of ye and happiness to
some,

Will fade as distant things fade in a dream,
A vague remembrance and a flitting show
Of puppets counterfeiting joy and woe,—
Fantastic and ghost-shrouded they will seem.

And ye will enter in the larger life
With young hearts saddened by a glimmering
Of all the sorrows that the years may bring
And frightened at the distant sounds of strife.

And ye will turn a wistful glance upon
The fading, flitting Shadows of the Past.
Lo! From their midst a white light will be cast
Upon ye, and a Voice will urge ye "On!"

And in the fiercest battles that will come
The Ghosts of Yesterday will fight beside
In weakness or in strength, will cheer, deride.
A reverse movement of the pendulum

Will make the good deed blossom forth in flowers,
Or wake a serpent lying 'neath the weed
Whereof a sin forgotten was the seed.
'Tis so the vengeful Hours guard the Hours.

So Life must tally to its last account,
For Cause and Sequence are the only laws,
Cause breeding Sequence, Sequence breeding
Cause,
The Karmic law whereby we fall and mount.

"GREAT IS DIANA OF THE
EPHESIANS"



HERE is the God of Britain, and
the God
Of France, and the distinctly
better Lord
Of this star-spangled banner of
the free.
But now a strange weird thought
has come to me.
Perchance a greater God, if such there be,
Laughs at these petty godlings of the sword,
These bearers of his vengeance and his rod,
And dreams in silence of His heart's great loss,
And of a glory that His world once missed
When it forgot to keep a certain tryst
Made with it in the shadow of the Cross.

THE PRIEST OF SATURN



POLLO sinks in most majestic
splendor,

And Zeus, aweary, lays aside his
crown.

O'er Hera's eyes the lids droop
slowly down

Veiling the light now soft, now
fierce, now tender.

Now is the time come for the ancient priest.

He moves towards the woods and casts his eye

In malign menace towards the darkened East

Where soon Apollo will deface the sky.

He lifts his voice in low and solemn prayer:

He names no names whereat man bend their
knees,

Nor Zeus nor Hera win of worship there.

But there within the silence of the night

He lifts his eyes unto a distant star,

Glimmering in the voids of space afar,

Revealed alone unto the priest-hood's sight.

Unto that star has mighty Saturn fled;

There Saturn reigns whom all our worlds hold
dead.

But there are worlds that Zeus has never trod
That hold old Saturn's name in honor yet,
And there are stars that never shall forget
The placid reign of the discrowned God.
But still the heart of Saturn ever yearns
To sad earth hearts that sadly yearn to him,
And in the poet's heart, shrouded and dim
The fire of Saturn glimmers, glows and burns.
And from that star beyond e'en Zeus' ken,
When cities all are dark and Gods asleep,
There falls a voice unto the sons of men,
To priests and poets who the secret keep.
And to that star the ancient priesthood pray
Who hold by Saturn and the golden reign,
The priesthood of the cosmic natal day
From whom high Zeus has nought but high dis-
dain.

THE MYSTIC



IS eye has pierced the Shadow of
the Seeming,
His lore is not the logic of the
crowd,
The frothing world with discords
harsh and loud,
That strives to break his har-
mony of dreaming.

II

Life is a shadow of dead lives behind it.
It throws its shade again on lives before,
And "Why" and "Wherefore" are too long a law
For plumb, or square, or rule to ever find it.

III

Only the spirit sees the spirit's glories;
And Indra hides his heaven from our eyes.
We lift weak gaze unto his ancient skies,
And prate and tell each other pretty stories.

IV

Lo! We are wise. Our navies win the battle.
Where are our fathers' fathers? They are gone.
We follow at the breaking of the morn,
Confused our wisdom to a childish prattle.

V

And yet unmoved amid the Wrath of Ages,
The rise and falling of a people's tide,
Heedless of Lethe rolling on beside,
He stands, the Mystic, with his brother sages.

VI

How has he pierced the falling of the Shadow?
We pause, and in the darkness falter, fall.
We see the coffin and the funeral pall,
Then madly seek some phantom El Dorado.

VII

Urged by Unrest whose name we call Ambition,
We build us navies, conquer realms afar,
We waste our people in a foolish war.
A pyramid brought Pharaoh to perdition!

VIII

And still they stand and point beyond our seeing,
Adown the fading vista of the years,
Lone sentinels they stand, these poet-seers,
The guardians of some secret of our being.

IX

They have found rest in their strange contempla-
tion.

We find no rest. We seek it everywhere,
Turn to our use the earth, the seas, the air,
And for pastime exterminate a Nation.

X

We shriek of progress, struggle madly forward.
Our priests cry raven from their pulpit stairs.
We blaspheme God with murd'rous, bloody
prayers.
The Cross of Peace is raised to lead us warward.

XI

Among the Nations, we are greatest, proudest,
A breath of wind and then our task is done.
A race is dwelling somewhere 'neath the sun
Who'll crush us when our boastings are the
loudest.

XII

And yet unmoved amid this Wrath of Ages,
This falling of a People in their pride,
Heedless of Lethe rolling on beside,
He stands, the Mystic, with his brother sages.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST



THROUGH all the isles of Greece
was heard a moan,
"Great Pan is Dead,"
Through the Olympian groves
an anguished groan,
"The gods are dead."

Then all the air was rapture, and a voice
Spoke softly, "All the gods shall live in me,
For I am Love and Fate and Beauty, more
Than all the high Olympian hierarchy;
I come to bid the broken heart rejoice.
The tangled web of creeds aside I draw
And ye shall look me in the face and know
That I am Love and Love is all the law."

Then through the isles of Greece a whisper
spread,
"The gods are gone, and God has come instead."

RECOMPENSE¹



H THOU, whose potent will we
trace

Wherever nations rise and fall
And ceasing lay their petty all
Upon the altar of Thy grace,

Lord! make us mindful of the
hour

When all our battlements are dust
And we are mute beneath the crust —
Our graves the well-spring whence a Power

Now sleeping in the womb of Time
Shall draw its wisdom and its lore,
And serve Thy holy purpose more
Because of all our fault or crime.

Thy will and Nature's law are one,
And Nature's path is thick with blood,
And yet each morn a greater good
Lifts up in answer to the sun.

¹Written in collaboration with D. Alexander
Gordenker.

The nations rise and on Thy page
They scroll their wills and sink to rest,
And that one serves Thy purpose best
Which leaves the richest heritage.

And what are all our boasts of might
But echoes of forgotten cries,
Of savage shouters in whose eyes
Thou hadst no glory in the fight?

The ages roll, and in their train
The nations, whirled upon the blast
Aloft awhile, to earth are cast,
To rise aloft and fall again.

Where Thebes once reared her queenly head
And ruled the peoples from her throne,
The desert sand has left a stone
To mark the City of the Dead.

We stumble thro' our petty span,
We wreak our evil, wreak our good.
We knead our ashes with our blood,—
Yet somehow Thy creation plan

Is ever better for our tears,
And ever shapes the fleeting ill
Unto the purpose of Thy will,
And moves through alchemy of years.

MURZAPUR



N Murzapur above Benares
In Murzapur the quiet, fair,
Ah, love of mine, the nights of
pleasure,
The tranquil nights of love
spent there!

To Murzapur above Benares,
When the city's din was still,
And swift summons to the council
Came not from the King's high will,

When the soldiers on the ramparts
Lightly chatted — all was peace —
Then I saddled in Benares,
Happy in the hour's release,

Then I saddled and I cantered
O'er the level shining road
To Murzapur above Benares,
Thine and Krishna's sweet abode.

In Murzapur above Benares,
Hark, the timbrel's tinkling far!
And thine eyes glow in the silence,
While we dream of Murzapur.

MAZATLAN



STARS that shine o'er Mazatlan,
Brilliant and glorious, throned
afar,
Eyes of a maid in Mazatlan
Glow brighter far than any
star.

Twin stars that shine upon the heart
And witchcraft work in subtle way,
Eyes of a maid in Mazatlan,
Shine on my spirit night and day.

Shine until Sirius grows pale,
And fades the fierce Aldebaran,
Shine on my soul, oh light divine,
Eyes of a maid in Mazatlan!

THE FAREWELL OF THE OLD YEAR



LEAVE you with the burden of
your sadness,

I leave you with the memory
of your tears.

I carry hours of love and hope
and gladness

Adown the pathway of the
vanished years.

With all your sorrows my old heart is aching,

With all your pleasures I am still afire.

Strange wares are mine: sad hearts in sadness
breaking,

Young hearts hot flushed with hope and love's
desire.

I leave to you the last born of the ages —

The New Year — youngest child of Father
Time.

How will you keep his yet unsullied pages?

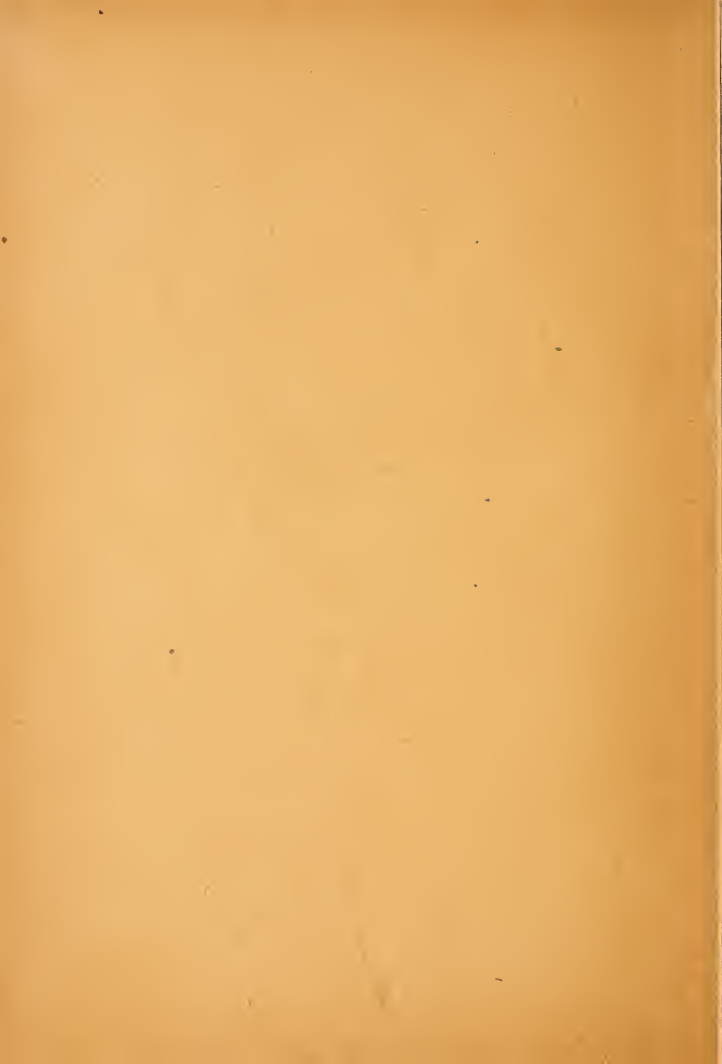
What record write of royal deeds or crime?

He bears his deathless scroll — each day a'turning
ing

New leaves, the record of your wills ye write.
Patient he waits — then seals it and, returning,
Bears it unto the changeless Halls of Night.

There eager faces peer between the covers,
And read the record of the Book of Days,
And there the hearts of perished friends and
lovers

Grieve with your shames and glory in your
praise.





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